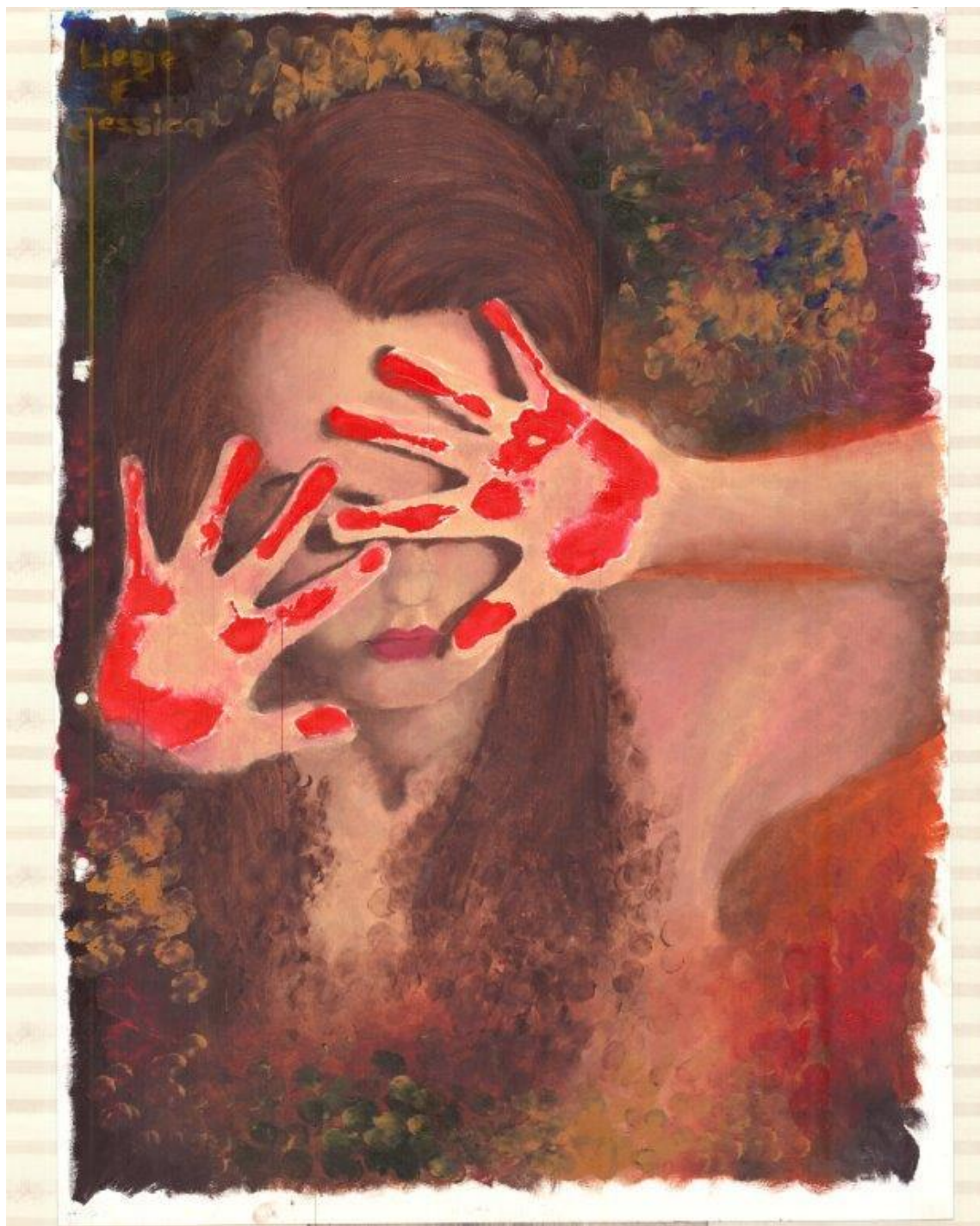


Oosie-Ink 2015



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OOSIE INK REDAKSIE 2015:



Anneli Pouwels (Graad 10)



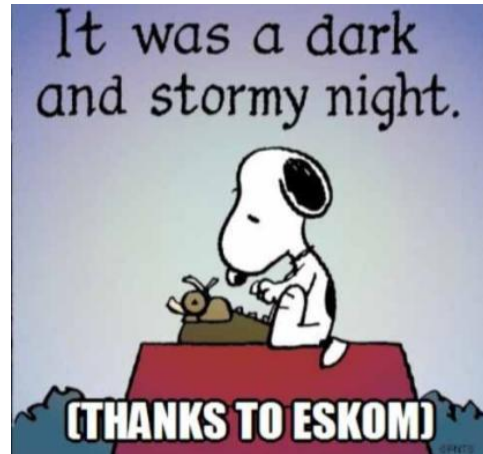
Carolien Van De Wetering (Graad 10)

17

I will always
love you.
Even when my
heart is broken
and my dreams
have diminished
into nothing
nothingness –
even after you
have long forgotten
who I am,

there will always
be this void
in which
you
belong.

- Unknown



As gevolg van beurtkrag, moet
baie mense vroeg kooi toe. Vroeg
volgende jaar, gaan ons babas kry
met die volgende name:

Kers Grobler
Darkness Mapogo
Eskom Kleinbooi
Vroegslaap Jordaan
Blackout Dube
Generator van Zyl
Parafienlamp van Rensburg.
Moet ook nie vergeet van
Foonloos Venter nie!

'n Krom vuurhoutjie

'n Lewe soos 'n vuurhoutjie
loop my vas in 'n bloutjie.
Alles is om en dom,
seermaak-plek vir 'n verlepte blom.

Waarom kry ek nie die liefde,
wat ek so graag wil vertroetel?
Ek kyk na dit alles
en voel soos 'n buitestander.

Hoekom lyk dit so
dat almal al glo?
Ek hoort nie hier
waar almal liefde vier.

Die vlam van 'n vuur



in my hart, het te kort geduur.
My vuurhoutjies is al krom
van wag vir liefde om te kom:

Die vuurhoutjie breek af –
Ek is moeg en saf.
My vlam
is klam...

- **Lammarié Jonkers Gr 11**

It Is Difficult To Forgive

As I walk through the forest, I can feel the cool night's breeze piercing through my clothes and nipping my skin. The echoing cries of owls and dangerous animals of the night are the only sounds, and glimpses of the moon through the clouds and trees are my only light. I can feel the cold dew settling into the grass after the long, hot day the river had of bleeding into the sky. As I enter the meadow, I can see the old, rusted and abandoned swing in the centre of it all, wrapped in solitude.

The creaking sound of rusted iron rubbing together fills the air while the swing slowly starts rocking back and forth. A wraith of a small girl suddenly appears sitting on the swing, staring at me. Marks of abuse covering her skin, her left eye stabbed out and her right eye filled with a never ending void because of all the miseries and suffering of life. I am her only comfort and I've been visiting her for months now. She told me how her stepfather brutally raped, abused and murdered her – and left her in this meadow all alone. She can't move on because she finds it difficult to forgive him for what he has done.

I smile at her and she smiles back as she is approaching me, her tattered clothes blowing with the wind. With every step she takes closer to me, the air around me grows tenser and uncomfortably cold. As she leans in for a hug, my skin turns pale, for I am of the living and now touching death. She whispers to me that she's sorry for what comes next. Suddenly my brain starts fighting for control and I'm so surprised that I feel as if I'm being shocked out of a trance. I can't believe she's only been using me, she's taking over my body; I thought she was my friend...

It's been half an hour since my brain first started fighting for control and I'm approaching an old Victorian style house on the outskirts of town. My body enters through the unlocked door and walks into the silent house, up the creaking stairs with nothing but candlelight in the distance, the crackling sound of thunder and the hard raindrops on the roof. I'm getting closer to the room; I can see a middle aged man and woman lying in bed conversing...

It's been six months now. The sound of cell doors being shut angrily and violently rings in my ears and aggravates me. The prison warden makes a cruel comment about me outside my own cell. I've been sentenced to life in prison for torturing the little girl's stepfather to death. I take my sharpened toothbrush and stab myself in the throat. I strike a main artery and I can taste the blood. I feel the sticky and warm liquid crawling down my

*fingers and throat. I can feel myself
drowning in my own blood.*

*Soon, we will meet again in the
afterlife and I too will have my
revenge. For if there is one thing I've
learned from her, it's that it is
difficult to forgive.*

-Richard de Beer Gr 11 F

Môrester

O, hoe lieflik die môrester
wat skyn daar só ver!
Heerlik in die koue naglug
waarheen my gedagtes wegvlug.

Môrester met jou helder glans
en wat die son vooruit dans,
jou prag en praal
wat strelend uitstraal.

Schoonheid sonder kuns en moeite
wat oor die rooigeverfde horison
vloei.
Stadig kom dit aangerol
in 'n blinkende, glansende kol.

Môrester breek die nuwe dag
wat opgewonde uitbreek uit die
dooie nag.
Vrolik dans jy oor die veld
voordat jy in die son se strale
smelt!

Skugter glim jy tussen die strale
weg
om tydelik in die wolke te vleg,
waar jy sal bly
tot ek jou more-oggend weer kry.

- **Lammarié Jonkers Gr 11**

My aanpassing tydens transformasie

Vaalbruin, vuil en verwilderd sit ek
sielsalleen met my gedagtes,
geïsoleerd teen die nare
werklikheid. As aanpassing maar
net kinderspeletjies kon wees...

Ek is 'n klein, onbelangrike en
skaars merkbare modderspatsel
wat pas my modderige voetjies uit
Laerskool Atmosfasie geneem
het... op 'n reis na nuwe strome.
Waterstrome wat my rigting sal
bepaal en my spatsel in 'n
druppelvormige lyfie transformeer.
Ek is op soek na my identiteit.

Met die eerste oogopslag klink
Hoërskool Blou Golf na 'n yslike
tsunami wat my voete aaklig onder
my gaan uitslaan – uitslaan sonder
enige waarskuwing. Dit lyk na 'n
pikdonker, onplesierige stroom
waarvan ek slegs 'n druppel gaan
wees op 'n heeltemal ander
golflengte as die ander.

Die enigste verwantskap tussen my
en die ander moddernommers is
ons eenders en ellendige blou
wapenhempies. Hierdie is 'n
gedagte wat kom nes maak het in
wat eens 'n onskuldige verbeelding
was.

Die eienaardige dag het
aangebreek en dit was asof die
oordeelsdag ten laaste gekom het.
Saam met al my ander ongewaste
skoolmaats, daag ek senuweeagtig
by my nuwe tuiste op. "Net tydelike
verblyf", probeer ek myself oorreed
terwyl ek sleepvoet die skool
binnestap.

Ek voel skielik 'n onbekende gevoel
deur my spatsellyfie – 'n warm

gevoel pomp deur my hart as ek die ander se angswekkende, half skeef, aangeplakte glimlaggies sien. Dis dán wat ek beseft 'ek is nie alleen nie', daar is ander op dieselfde golflengte as ek.

Onbekendes lyk soos ou gesigte en skielik voel ek tuis. Ek gaan dalk nie altyd tussen hierdie sterk strome kop bo water hou nie, maar tog kan ek gerus voel en weet dat ek 'n ongelooflike ondersteuning stelsel het.

Ek weet met eens dat ek hier my voete gevind het en niks in my wil meer lyf wegsteek nie. Skaaf-skaaf filtreer hierdie enorme golf my modderspatsel tot 'n perfekte druppeltjie water.

Kristalhelder en lewensbelangrik weet ek dat ek nie net bloot 'n nommer of 'n druppel in die emmer is nie. Ek is daardie drupel wat die emmer laat oorloop van spontaniteit.

Hier is ook 'n magdom aktiwiteite van 'n wye verskeidenheid wat my persoonlikheid soos 'n handskoen pas.

Dit blyk my, my riller van 'n verbeelding het met eens die pot ver mis gesit, want die Blou GOLF is 'n opwindende, amusante rit waar elke druppel dieselfde vooruitsig het.

Ek sal nooit vir 'n beter geskenk kan vra nie. 'n Plek waar ander druppels ook strewe na die ontdekking van hul identiteit en waar die fondasie vir ware vriendskappe gebaseer is op aanvaarding.

'n Tuiste wat ek my huis kan noem. Die Blou Golf is nie 'n bestemming vir my druppelvormige lyfie nie, maar die begin van 'n wonderlike avontuur.

-Marizellé Rousseau Gr 12





Wanneer mevrou Rol
met kos begin lol,
vrees die dorp bewend
vir die vark in die pot – lewend.

Mevrou Rol is tog te lief vir eet
en heel duidelik as sy haar klere
meet.
Altyd aan die kou
en op haar skouer 'n makou.

Terwyl mevrou Rol haar dinee
nuttig
eet die makou die verlore pitte,
vlugtig.
Bang is hy vir mevrou Rol
dat sy dit sal eet, al is haar maag
vol.

Haar lywige bed is buitengewoon
groot
soos 'n kussing in die vorm van 'n
brood.
Tog te bang dat sy nie van kos sal
droom,
sit sy oorskiet in die kombes se
soom.

Na veertig jaar is dit klaarpraat

met haar en haar makou-maat.
Vroeg oggend is sy oorlede in
haar spens met kos so min.

Die makou lê op die kombuistafel –
sy vere, alles uitgerafel.
Van jare se onderdrukte spanning
vir kos
is hy uiteindelik sagkens los.

- Lammarié Jonkers Gr 11



Dis hoe ek voel

ek teken 'n huisie
met my hemelblou passer en
uitveër
op papier plant ek die lood
wat wolffluitlange strepe trek

ek dors vir 'n ware vriend
iemand wat broederlik grom

in die muur plaas ek 'n groot
venster
en so kom als op die werf
ek kry 'n steentjie vir elke voetstap
voor die deur wat geskets is

ek vra vir 'n maat
om my te wys dat die lug wel blou
is
en my hartjie vol te gooi
sodat ek weer kinderlik sal lag

ek versamel idees vir 'n skoorsteen
sodat dit nooit koud sal raak
ek lê dit op my tekenbordjie
daar waar als opgaar

ek weet wie jy is,
maar tog sit ek sterk
soos op die tekenbordjie
so ook in my hartjie:
want jy is skaars bewus van my
en daarom wil ek jou nie inlaat.

dit sluit ek als toe
omdat ek werklik baie van jou hou

- (Ankia*)

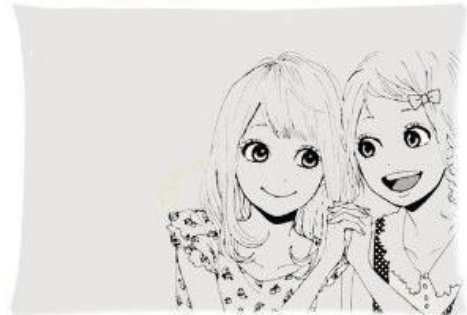
*agfelei uit Florauna deur André
Letoit

HA-
HA!

Klein Saartjie is in die tuin
besig om 'n gat toe te gooi,
toe hul buurman oor die
heining loer. Geïnteresseerd
in wat sy doen, vra hy
vriendelik: "Wat doen jy daar,
Saartjie?"
"My goudvissie is dood...",
antwoord sy sonder om op te
kyk, "...en ek het hom pas
begrawe." Die Buurman voel
toe dadelik jammer vir haar en
sê: "Maar dit is darem 'n
buitengewone groot gat vir 'n
kleine goudvissie, is dit nie
Saartjie?"
Saartjie stamp die laaste
bietjie grond vas en sê: "Dis
omdat hy in jou duiwelse kat
se maag is."

The hardest thing to learn in
life is which bridge to cross
and which to burn.

Gedig vir kleinsus



'n Modderspatsel is jy nou,
'n graad aggie – buk vir die
Raadslid, gou!
Met jou fonteintjehare op die kop,
grimering, bordjie en swart
sakrompie kan jy niemand fop.

Maar waterdruppels sous neer,
Druppels word modder, meer en
meer...
Nat, bruin sponse is al wat jy sien
Op hierdie eerste nat skooldag van
2015.

Geniet die oriëntering, sus,
Vir die groentjekonsert is ons lus!
Dan is jy 'n druppel –
Wat in die blou Oos-Moot golf
huppel.

- Anri Jansen van Vuuren
Gr 10

Be careful what you wish for

There was a girl named Alice
who worked hard in a palace.
She was as sweet as honey
but wanted lots and lots of money.

Her dreams came true later
and soon she became a hater
her nose was often in the air
and she was so unfair.

Nobody liked her anymore
and her heart turned cold and sore.
She realised what she had done
but she had no friends...none

If only she was nicer
and maybe a little wiser
so let this be a lesson...

Never let anything change you
always stay true

- **Tinkerbelle**

Jannie kom by die skool en
vertel sy juffrou dié storie:
"Juffrou sal dit nou nie glo
nie, maar laas naweek het ons
gaan visvang. Ons het 33 babers
gevang. Juffrou sal dit nou nie
glo nie, maar nie één van hulle
het minder as 15 kilogram
geweeg nie!"

Juffrou: "Jislaaik Jannie, dit
was 'n enorme vangs." Die
juffrou wil nou nie vir Jannie
direk in sy gesig vat nie - maar
wil tog aan hom wys dat hy
dareem baie oordryf. Sy beraam
'n plan.

Juffrou: "Jannie, jy sal my nou
nie glo nie, maar daar het net so
'n verskriklike ding dié naweek

met my gebeur. Ek en die
kinders loop kortpad deur die
veld, en die volgende oomblik
grom daar 'n leeu hier reg langs
ons. Jannie, jy sal dit nou nie glo
nie, maar die leeu kom toe
aangehardloop en ons sien hy
gaan ons opvreet."

"Die volgende oomblik sien ons
'n Jack Russell wat die leeu gryp
en hy verniel die leeu verskriklik.
Hy skud daai leeu naderhand só
woes rond dat jy sommer hoor
hoe die leeu se nek klap. Jannie,
jy sal dit nie glo nie, maar daar lê
die leeu toe. Heel vrek."

Juffrou: "Jannie, glo jy dié
storie wat ek jou nou vertel
het?" Waarop Jannie antwoord:
"Maar natuurlik Juffrou! Dit
was dan my Jack Russell."



Aartjie na sy vaartjie

Susan het gegil en geskreeu en hy
het aangehou... Ek het my hande
oor my ore gedruk en my oë
toegeknyp, maar sy wou nie ophou
skree nie. Sy het net aangehou...
soos pa met die houe. Daar was nie
één aand wat my pa nie
aangeklam was nie en ma was te

bang om iets te sê as hy so twee
rye spore loop.

As sy hom net daaroor
aangespreek het, was dinge nou
heeltemal anders, maar sy het
nie...

Ek het hierdie dag haarfyn beplan.
Daar is NIKS wat nou meer
verkeerd kan gaan nie. Die bordjies
is verhang en nou is dit my beurt!
Ek klop toe aan sy deur en na 'n
lang gewag, kraak die deur
uiteindelik oop en my asem word
weggeslaan!

Dit IS my pa wat voor my staan,
maar dit is nie dieselfde man wat
ons so hel gegee het dertien jaar
gelede nie. Hy het 'n regte
laatperske-gesig en daar is 'n
waterige pêrel in een van sy groen
oë ingevreet. Toe ek hom só sien,
het my moed in my skoene gesak.
Ek het amper die aftog geblaas, toe
ek weer onthou wat hy alles aan
ons gedoen het! Hy sal nie
daarmee wegkom nie, maak nie
saak wat nie!

Ek kon my oë nie glo nie, want
sonder om te blik of bloos, steek hy
sy hand na my uit... hy wou
bladskud! Dit was net daar en dan
wat my bloed begin kook het. Hoe
kon hy ooit dink dat ek dit
sommers so sal laat gaan? DIT was
die olie op die vuur en toe ek weer
sien, is my wit, benerige hande om
sy nek gewurg.

Sy lippe het al begin pers word, en
hoe meer hy soebat en pleit dat ek
moet ophou, hoe harder het ek
gewurg. Ek het net aangehou soos
hy met die houe dertien jaar
gelede...

Soos 'n stukkie klei is ek gedruk
en gevorm in iets wat ek nie wou
wees nie en ek kon in sy patetiese
oë sien dat ek niks beter as hy is
nie. Ek het die vrees in sy oë
onmiddellik herken – Susan het
presies so gelyk as hy by die huis
aankom – ek was 'n monster!

My oë het waterig begin raak en
toe ek weer sien, het ek my greep
om sy nek verslap. Die berg het 'n
muís gebaar en soos wat my
patetiese pa gesit het en snak na
sy asem, het ek ysterklou in die
grond geslaan! Ek is doodseker dit
was die laaste sien van die
blikkantien.

- Julie Marais Gr 12 E

Yet again

Love will fall and love will rise,
even though you wore it as a cheap
disguise.
Your poison, your bittersweet
perfume,
turned out to be more than I can
consume.

Your oceans of lies drowned me to
my fate,
sent me down the river full of hate.
Flowing down the waterfall,
disappearing in the deep –

way down deep where broken soul
creep.

A fire can't burn in a broken heart,
I can't run away because there's no
place to start.
Guess I'm now on a one way track,
trying to move on and never look
back.

The sun-kissed days we had is now
consumed by stormy weather.
Our love was like a broken
keyboard, but I always thought 'u'
and 'I' would stick together...

-Daniel Schoonderwoord

Stay Gold

Wilted are the flower petals
amongst the flowers.
Long forgotten on wings
of an angel.
A wreck being forgotten;
it's love in haste.
Only to find that the heart
lays dead.
Reminds me to ever stay gold
if my heart should stay cold.

- Unknown

Die sand was tussen my tone
Nou is die boeke in my sak
Ek het die son en see verruil
Vir my swaar tas, alweer gepak

Ek stap in by die deur
Toe tref die opgewondenheid weer
Ek's hier op 'n missie
Want die jaar het ek 'n visie

Die jare kom en gaan
Maar ons sal altyd saam staan
2015 is hier
Kom dat ons fees vier!!

- Emerenske de Wet

Die lanternswaier – Marike de Jager Gr 12

Waar die wolke oor die horison
hang, hoor ek aaneen die
golwe slaan. Die singende stem
van die see laat my dans op die
harseer ritme van die wind. My
lantern gee sy lig, opsoek na die
verlore siele in hul nood. Kom
land, kom weer, kom oseaan –
dit is die rots waarop my huisie
staan.

In die dowwe lig van my lantern,
tuur ek oor die golwe. As jy die
see ken, weet jy dit is die een
oomblik glad geskuur, maar die
volgende is hy gevaarliker as
vlam en vuur. As ek my oë
toemaak, verdrink ek in
herinneringe. lewers tussen die
duiwel en die potblou see het
die waters jou siel gemerk om
die tydelike met die ewige te
verwissel. Só staan die dood vir
elkeen van ons en gluur.

Ons klein Kaapse huisie het
gestaan waar die golwe die
goue kuslyn soen. Die wind het
aan die ruite geruk en die
donderwolke het oor die waters
gerol. Ek het na buite gekyk
waar die storm al woester en
wreder woed. Jy het op jou
vissermansbootjie gestaan en
geveg teen die reën. Net soos
die wind alles verander, het 'n
groot, grys golf jou as eiendom
van die see geneem. Alles was
donker en swart... die hart is
soos die onstuimige see en word
gedryf deur wind en weer.

Op die strand staan ek in die dowwe lig van my lantern en skryf woorde van seer in die sand. Ek voel hoe die koue briesie verander in 'n brullende wind. Ek staar in die verte en wens die see kon die pyn wegspoel. As ek my oë toemaak, droom ek hoe jy daardie aand met 'n net vol vis teruggekom het huis toe. In my verbeelding luister ons saam na die wind wat fluit. Ons hoor die golwe wat slaan teen die rots waarop ons huisie staan. Ek skryf woorde van seer in die sand, maar woorde van liefde in klip. As die reën val, sal dit vir ewig bly staan.

In die lig van my lantern kan ek met bewondering in die verte staar. God se stem druis deur die wind en reën. Hy is die water van die lewe, daarom is ek 'n visser van mense. Ek doof die lig van my lantern uit, want van nou af is Sy woord die lamp vir my voete.

Elke donker wolk het 'n silwer randjie. Die lewe is 'n storm wat die sterkte van jou anker toets, maar God is die stuurman van my skip en die Bybel my kompas. Waarom is julle dan bang, kleingelowiges? Die wind en die see is gehoorsaam aan Hom. Ek sal nie vrees nie, al waggel die aarde en al wankel die berge weg in die hart van die see. Kom land, kom weer, kom oseaan – die Here is my rots waarop my hoop bly staan.

Flawed and fabulous!
Because perfect doesn't exist
and normal is boring!
-xoxo

Die laaste keer

Toe ons daardie somersondag gegroet het,
het ek nooit gedink dat dit
die laaste keer sou wees nie,
die laaste druk, die laaste soen...
Ek weet nou dat alles in 'n oogwink
kan verander,
dat 'n borrelende lewe geluidloos
kan eindig,
soos 'n kers deur 'n ligte asemteug
uitgedoof kan word.

Vandag herleef ek die herinneringe
onthou
omdat ek nie wil vergeet nie.
Maar daardie dag het ek nie
geweet dit
sal die laaste groet wees nie, die
laaste druk,
die laaste soen, alles in 'n oogwink
weg...

- **Jessica**



‘n Tydelike lewe!

‘n Normale dag van liefde en lied in jou hart, ‘n dag wat net gesiggies vol glimlaggies bevat, ‘n dag wat saam met ouers spandeer word.

‘n Dag wat ‘n mens nie verwag iets loop verkeerd nie. ‘n Mens ignoreer ‘n hol kol op die maag wat in ‘n voorgevoel kan verander, waar ‘n mens ‘n dowe oor teen die realiteit van die lewe gooi, maar wel op ‘n dag wat ‘n mens die seerste kry of iemand verloor is, wanneer ‘n mens besef dat gister verby is, more nie beloofd nie is en vandag tot ‘n einde kom.

Soos met my, ‘n normale dag wat net kan verander in ‘n leeftyd se hartseer. ‘n Spesiale mens soos my broer net weg, sy tyd het opgeraak. Polisie wat jou by die ongelukstoneel kry en jy wat die lyk sien lê, sonder lewe, sonder emosie breek ‘n mens se lewe in stukke.

Maar wel moet ‘n mens besef dat die seer sal beter raak en ‘n mens sal jou kop moet hoog hou, maar sonder om te vergeet van ‘n geliefde wat gevat is deur ons Hemelse Vader.

Leef elke dag soos jou laaste en vergeet van môre, want môre is nie beloof nie.

Maak vrede met die lewe en sy gebeure, want dinge wat was en dinge wat is, kan nie vergelyk word met dinge wat gebeur nie.

Leef en laat leef.

- **Jaen-Marie Kritzinger**

2015

‘n Nuwe jaar

‘n Nuwe begin

Jy kry ‘n kans om weer oor te begin
Groter drome met groter wense
en foute van die verlede is nou vergete

‘n Nuwe jaar

‘n Nuwe begin

‘n Begin van vreugde en vrede
Saam met familie en vriende.
‘n Jaar van voorspoed en liefde.

- 3 Musketeers

‘n Nuwe jaar, ‘n nuwe begin
Ek’s alweer terug, wat het my besiel?

Ek moes weg hardloop
maar ek is mos so soet soos stroop.

Ek kan positief bly
Met ‘n bietjie geluk aan my sy,
en die liefde van ‘n ouer
dan gaan die jaar dalk gouer.

- Anoniem

2014 is nou verby
2015 dis nou ons tyd

Tyd vir nuwe dinge
Tyd vir nuwe sinne

Nuwe onderwysers
Nuwe klasleerlinge

Dis die jaar vir nuwe beginne.

- Rumay Botha

‘n Nuwe jaar het aangebreek,
dit het my reguit in die maag gestee.
Opgewonde, maar onverwags
dink ek snags:
‘n Nuwe blaadjie word begin

Alles en almal verander
Ek soek maar nog 'n sin om te sê:
Twintig-vyftien het begin.

- **Raymond en Michael**

'n Nuwe jaar is hier huh...
Tog moet dit nog insak
dat ek 'n nuwe kans gekry het
waarvoor ek my beste sal uitbring.

Nuwe jaar is hier
en ek gaan nie die kans
laat verby gaan nie.

Nie hierdie keer...

Die dooie slang

'n Gevaarlike slang, hy is bang vir
my
want ek is giftiger as hy, hy is so lui
iemand het hom doodgery want hy
was so moeg vir my.

- **Barend Blignaut**

!Jy!

Ek en jy en jy en ek
is saam in 'n huis
ons speel en sing en dans
en spring.

Hard weergalm die klanke van
die musiek wat speel.

Ons kyk in mekaar se oë maar niks
gebeur,
ek sing 'n liedjie wat jou laat bloos.

Jy kom nader na my toe en fluister
in my oor...

Ek is lief vir jou.

- **Ney'Qii**

Legends of The Night

Two shots, two flashes of light...no
more. One shock of laughter and a
never-ending, heart stopping
scream...

The cool blanket of the June frost
enveloped me with its black
midnight hands. I stared ahead,
wishing for the peace of solitude;
my fingers were going numb and
my cheeks red as I stumbled
towards the house adorned with its
own legend. They say every time
the black ice appears, someone
dies in the house at midnight and at
sunrise, all trace disappears.

I slowly pushed the door open,
hearing it creak shut as I crept
inside. My mouth felt dry as
sandpaper as my tongue tried to
call out, but failed. My eyes slowly
adjusted to the veil of darkness
inside, taking in what the blanket of
fear had hidden for centuries.

The floorboards stayed
dangerously silent as I moved
through the house. Without
warning, I slipped and fell. I could
feel cold moisture beneath me, yet I
could sense it was more than
melted frost. As I slowly lifted my
hands I saw the glistening red of
the blood, and the stark whiteness
of a face; a male face, staring back
at me.

His face was frozen in terror, I
knew, what he now had to do. As
the metallic smell of blood entered
my nose, a final drop fell from his
red stained hands. Behind him, the
sky was morphing into the grey of
dawn.

With eyes turning to ice and the
sun making itself known, I knew my

fate was sealed; I would disappear
before sunrise.

- **Jacqueline Janse van
Rensburg**



Green nightmares



Deep within your envy
you know what you want.
There are pieces of pure jealousy
but you have wishes to grant.

You see all the sour faces
the nightmare comes from within.
During night, during day,
in you heart jealousy begins.

My dear people, can't you see,
to turn is easier, or so it seems.
Just let others be
and turn little green nightmares
into sweet little dreams.

- **Tinkerbelle**

Skool begin

Skool het begin
en my brein is baie min.
Kinders met blou klere
oral waar jy kyk
dis al, dis al.

Leë klaskamers
met banke wat na jou staar
dis al, dis al.

Juffrouens met die KYK
jy kan klaar dink wat dit beteken.
Werk, werk en nog harde werk
dis so, dis so.

- **Megan Martin**

So baie om te sê
so baie om te doen
want net jy loop in die skoën.
Jy neem beheer
en jy verloor dit weer.

Sal jy slap lê
of jou bes doen
al lyk die lewe nie altyd groen.
Verloor beheer
en probeer dan weer.

- **Ankia J. van Vuuren**

Jou lippe so sag
soos my kussing in die nag
Jy maak my dag
as ek jou hoor lag
Vir jou sal ek 'n
kasteel bou.
Jou lag maak my flou.
Al wat ek wil sê
is, ek is lief vir jou.

- **Jacob Lubbe**

Wat sien ek as ek in die spieël kyk?

Spieëltjie, spieëltjie sê vir my, hoe sien die ander mense my? Sien hulle ook die refleksie wat ek in die oggende kry?

Daar sal altyd iemand mooier, slimmer of maerder wees as jy, maar daar sal nooit nog 'n "JY" wees nie.

Al die meisies sal saam met my stem, dat 'n mens altyd eers die negatiewe goed raaksien. Ek wens dat mens eerste jou persoonlikheid kan sien, want dis wat die mense eerste waarneem van jou.

Psalm 24:1

"Die aarde en alles wat daarop is, die wêreld en die wat daar woon, alles behoort aan die Here."

Meisies, net so behoort jy aan die Here. Hy het jou geskape en jy's perfek nes jy is, vir die Here is jy die mooiste besitting wat Hy het.

Ek weet soms as 'n mens in die spieël kyk, hou jy glad nie daarvan wat jy sien nie, maar vee dan die spieël af, want glo my, daar is niks so mooi soos mens se eie refleksie nie!

As 'n mens terugkyk in mens se lewe; sien mens seerkry en foute, maar as 'n mens in die spieël kyk, sien 'n mens iemand wat kan leer uit foute. Meisies, leer vandag uit jou foute en begin fokus op die positiewe goed in die spieël, want die Here wil hê julle moet sien hoe uniek en beeldskoon julle regtig is!

Ek sluit af met die volgende:

"If you're searching for that one person to change your life, take a look in the mirror."

- **Shandre Lourens**

Liefde is natuur, musiek en vriende

'n Gevoel van pure geluk en vrede. Ek is in 'n kamp ver in die bos saam met my beste vriend en ons luister musiek.

Hoekom kry 'n mens 'n gevoel van beskerming en vrede deur om 'n kampvuur te sit en net met jou vriend te praat. Ver in die oopte is ons onself en ons kan oor alles gesels. 'n Mens kan die ritme van die musiek wat speel in die vuur se vlamme sien.

Ons gaan lê later die nag op 'n kombers onder die sterre wat 'n mens so mooi, helder en duidelik kan sien. Dit kan ons nooit in die stad waarneem nie. Ek en my vriend lê daar en dink, daar is iets in stilte wat 'n sekere geluk en liefde in mens uitbring. Dit was ure voor ek my oë oopgemaak het. Ek het besef dat dit reën. Kalmerend hoor ek die drup-drup van elke druppel wat val. So lief soos wat ek vir reën is, maak ek my vriend wakker en lig hom in dat alles baie nat is.

Terug in ons tent lê praat ons, terwyl ek kort-kort skrik vir donderweer. Die reën bring geluk en rustigheid oor my wat onbeskryflik is en ek en my vriend dieselfde beleef. Met 'n glimlag staan ons op en maak kondensmelkkoffie en eet lekker koekies. Wat kan 'n mens meer gelukkig maak?

In my hart weet ek dit is hier waar ek wil bly, want dit is werklik ware liefde. 'n Beter gevoel is daar nie: natuur, musiek en vriende is 'n liefde wat 'n ou nie kan gee nie.

- **Vandi Pienaar**

Partytjie van die tuin

Ma se blomme het in die huis gaan wals.

Een speel viool en die varkoor sing vals.

Die dahlias sit en drink lekker tee en die vetplante moet die vloer skoon vee.

- **Ilona Ferreira**

Be Brave

Never be afraid of your fears

Don't cry those tears

Be brave

Because you are always safe in God's hands

Everyone is His fans.

- **Nominic Du Plessis**

To Anonymous



This poem might not make sense
And sometimes I can feel you're tense

I really want to help you now

But I just can't figure out how.

Bad memories have grown with you.

And you still try to stay true.

But some people you can't fool

Except the girls who drool.

Your world seems to fall

How do you handle it at all?

I guarantee times will change

your life has been very strange.

Things seem to go all wrong

And if only you can stay strong.

I know you try not to worry me

But it can't be ignored, you see...

I will be here all the way

Even if you decide to push me away.

- **Anonymous**

For one night only

Tigers, bears, acrobats and a clown,

everyone, the circus is in town.

The ringmaster's mad and full of fun,

but after dark you'd better run.

He'll lock you up in a box so tight until you grow into an awful sight.

You'll cry and scream when you're all so lonely,

but you'll be lucky if your alive for one night only...

- **Vinette Rust**

No matter how many times people insult you, you are awesome in your own unique way. SPREAD THE WORD, PAY IT FORWARD!

- **Wehan Scheepers**

When I think of you, my mind is in a daze.

It hurts so bad for me to hear someone call your name

When I think of you, I become confused,

because being alone is something really new.

When I think of you, my thoughts are always sweet,

because the love I have for you can never be beat.

When I think of you, I can picture your eyes,

and in them I can see no lies.

When I think of you, I may begin to cry,

but never forget the love I have for you will never die.

- **Anonymous**

‘n Dag saam met my held – Joost jou yster!

My held is Joost van der Westhuizen. Hy is die skrumskakel wat die nommer nege Springboktrui al die meeste oor sy kop getrek het, en een van die bestes ter wêreld. Ongelukkig is hy op die oomblik baie siek, maar dit gaan nie maak dat hy nie meer my held is nie. Dit gaan eintlik maak dat ek meer na hom opkyk, want hy inspireer almal, hy hou aan veg en ek weet hy sal nooit opgee nie.

Ek sal graag saam met hom na Loftus Versveld toe wil gaan en hom wys hoe skop ek en hoe speel ek, sodat hy my kan help om te verbeter. Joost is ‘n skitterende speler, hy het uitblink in die vroeëre jare. Hy behou steeds die rekord vir die meeste drieë ooit vir die Bokke.

Ek sal vir Joost na Loftus Versveld toe vat, want ek weet die plek beteken baie vir hom. Hy wens om net een keer weer ‘n wedstryd te kon speel.

Ek sal die dag ongelooflik baie geniet, nie net omdat ek my held ontmoet nie, maar ook omdat ek ‘n goeie daad verrig het.

Ek dink Joost is ‘n inspirasie vir almal wat wil rugby speel. Hy het gesê: "Die enigste gestremdheid in die lewe, is ‘n slegte houding."

- **Anoniem**



I see you

I see you here
I see you there
And now I see you everywhere
I can see you so much it feels as if
you are haunting me.
I found out there was another she,
so now I thought that I could be
free.
I had a few days
Wishing I could change the ways
Just to know that
I don't see you here
I don't see you there
And now I see you nowhere.

- **SamiQ**

Oos-Moot

Oos-Moot is the place to be
All you need to tell yourself is "be
me!"
Our school grows like a huge tree
Here you're able to truly be free
Over the years teachers inspire
Together we'll build an empire
Oos-Moot stands out like a bonfire
Doctors, pilots, engineers, we have
them all.

Come to Oos-Moot ,you'll have a ball.

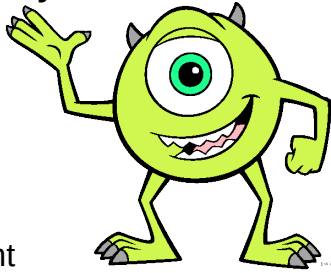
- **Shone Snyman**

I am me

I am not who you want me to be
Or the person you want me to
pretend to be
I am born under the African sky
Bold, strong and free
My father's son and mother's child,
hell I'm not shy
I was born to be all I can be...
To make my mark for all
humanity...
I have a voice – my voice
the voice given to me by my
ancestry...
I have this voice, how I'll use it is
my choice.
I choose to be me, the me I was
born to be

Strong, bold and free to proclaim
my liberty...
I am not my past or the one given
to me
I am not what the world may see
me to be
I am just me!
- **Donwell Rossouw**

The big, scary monster



Late at night
When parents turn off the light
There would appear a big, scary
monster
The world would want to conquer
Every little girl would be frozen with
fright
About the creature who appeared
every night
He was not fluffy and pink like a
teddy bear
In fact he was extremely rare
Each night he would come,
dazzling white
His eyes; beautifully blue and bright
Scary in the eyes of a little girl
But he would dance, sing and swirl
For he wasn't a scary monster of
the night
He wouldn't want to cause a little
girl's fright
To dance and sing until daybreak
would fall
For he didn't know he brought no
pleasure at all
When he realized that he would
scare
The words he said were words of
care
"Don't worry little girl I'm just a
teddy bear
But I am indeed very rare."

He kept on dancing and singing
through the room
And then you would hear a massive
boom
The big, scary 'monster' who
danced through the room would
disappear
And transform into a pink, fluffy
teddy bear

- **Francie**

Ek wens...

Ek wens my pa het meer tyd met
my spandeer en begin verstaan
hoe 'n tiener se lewe werk. Ek
wens hy kan tienerklere begin koop
en my toelaat om alleen partytjies
toe te gaan en myself saam met my
vriende te gaan geniet en nou en
dan vir my sê hoe trots hy op my is.
Al wat ek wens, is dat hy daar vir
my sal wees en miskien hoef ek nie
hard te werk om sy aandag te kry
nie. Ek wil graag hê dat hy my kan
ondersteun as ek sport of iets by
die skool doen.
Hy moet my maats begin leer ken
en my begin vertrou in alles wat ek
doen. So nou en dan net aanvaar
wanneer hy verkeerd is en jammer
sê as hy iets verkeerd doen.
Pappa, my pappa, ek is baie lief vir
hom, maar soms voel ek dit glad
nie. Hy is baie snaaks, ek verstaan
dat dit moeilik is vir hom om 'n vrou
(my ma) te verloor. Hy is die
enigste ouer, maar hanteer die
situasie soos 'n bom. My liefste
pappa!

- **Anoniem**

Back to school

Ho, Ho, Ho we all once sung
But not anymore
For school has begun
and it's quite a bore

Get up early
Go get dressed
It can't get worse surely
but your hair is a mess

Grab your bag
Get in the car
Heart starts to sag
School's not very far

Make a turn
Slow to a stop
Your stomach turns
And all hopes drop

What is that?
You heard a call
It's your friend Cat
Maybe school's not so bad after all.

- **Gabby Gums**

Die wit roos

Daar op 'n eiland
Ver van my land
Groei 'n wit roos
Met blare so broos.

Ek wil dit graag pluk
en teen my ma se hart druk
Ek wil dit hê
Ek het klaar gesê

Die wit roos
met blare so broos
Die verlange na die eiland oos
en ek en die wit roos.

- **Marchain Mulder**

Stilte in 'n eksamenlokaal

Dis grafstil by die skool,
in die verte hoor ek 'n voël.
Ek kyk by die venster uit en sien
die blou-blou lug,
En hoor iemand 'n kuggie kug.
Die penne klik-klak oor papiere om
my,
Ek sit in die heel eerste ry.
Ek hoor die papiere blaai,
Ek sien hoe wind deur die blare
waai.

Dis tjoepstil by die skool,
Yskoud, net soos die Noordpool.
Eksamen is 'n vloekwoord in elkeen
se woordeskat,
Almal is nou net mooi siek en sat!

Want elke dag in en uit is 'n geleer,
Ons moet so hard leer, daar is nie
eers tyd om te skeer.
Elke meisie loop met lang
beenhare rond,
Om jou hare te groei is mos
gesond?

Dis doodstil by die skool
en die universiteit hou jool.
Terwyl ons hier sit en berge stres,

Tog doen elkeen net sy bes.
Ek sit en tel die sekondes wat
aantik.

Dit voel of ek aan die stilte gaan
stik.

Dis amper verby, nog net drie dae,
Dan is hierdie marteling uiteindelik
klaar.

- **Francie**



Gediggie

Blommetjies wat waai
en saadjies saai
om te sê haai en kom ons wees
fraai.

Maak enige droompie waar
met die groei van elke gesonde
blaar,
al is die lewe swaar
is die hartseer klaar

Die grassies wat daarom groei
maak warm gelukkige liefde broei.
Die stroom wat daardeur vloei
maak die nuwe blommetjie bloei.

- **Anoniem**

Wind



Wind huil soos hy om die hoeke
van die huis vloei
Hy is vir ewig aan winter vasgeboei
Nooit sien hy somer of lentereën
Nooit sien hy hoe 'n koei haar kalfie
speen

Die doudruppels lê soos trane op
die gras
Die trane van Wind oor Winter, so
kras
Die bome se blare lê verkrummel
en vertrap
Dit is die ding wat Wind se wonde
oopkrap

Geen bloeisels aan die blom
En tog sit Wind verstom
Oor wat Winter doen aan die
mense
Want die het almal nou vet pense

Yskoud en verkleum waai Wind
deur dorre blare
Met Winter wat vinnig vloei deur sy
are
Soos Adam en Eva kan Wind die
sonde nie keer
Winter is 'n duiwel wat kom, weer
en weer.
Tog veg Wind teen die duiwel
So erg dat die duiwel naderhand
tuimel
Nou is Wind gelukkig en tevrede
Winter is iets van die verlede

Hy kan nou lentereën bring
Hy kan nou die mense hoor sing
Hy sit met 'n oop mond, verstom
Hy kan sien hoe die bloeisels blom

So wanneer jy sien, hier kom die
reën
Dink aan Wind, hy kom spesiaal vir
jou hierheen

As Winter kom, moenie kommer nie
Sê eerder baie, baie dankie
Want Wind is weg om 'n uitweg te
vind
Hy bring gou-gou weer die lente se
kind.

- **Francie**

An unforgettable journey

In the desert sun the blistering
waves of heat can be seen
distorting the image of the buildings
in the city of Cairo as the sun sets.
The figure of a man can be seen
slipping into the Great Pyramid of
Khufu.
The man avoids the line of sight of
one guard and goes down the
descending passages, which is
mostly forbidden. The man of
whom I speak is not a greedy
treasure hunter, no, he is but a
curious archeologist hoping to

uncover the secrets of the magnificent pyramid of Khufu.

As he descends, he can't resist letting his fingers run over the hieroglyphics carved into the walls. As he reaches the end of the passage, before him he sees the unfinished chamber, the thing that gives hope to his dream of becoming a renowned archeologist. For a moment, all he thinks about is the awe of this magnificent piece of work.

In the middle of the chamber there is a statue of Horus, a man's body with the head of a bird and holding a staff with a golden ball, representing the sun. He begins searching for something that might trigger the legendary hidden door he has heard so much about.

After almost an hour of searching, he deflates in one corner and starts staring at the statue. He then decides to take a long shot, walks over to the statue and begins twisting it with all his might. The head gives way and he twists it in a 180 degree angle. In the direction in which the eyes are looking, a hidden door begins to slide slowly open.

When he realises he has discovered the secret entrance, he twists the head back to its original position and the door starts closing. He then leaves the pyramid and tells himself he will return the following morning...

- **Rual de Vries**

Tyd

Jare kom en gaan
Wens tyd kon vir eens net
bietjie stil staan.
So word ek elke dag ouer...
en tyd... die loop by die
gedagte al gouer.
Vir elke sekonde verby
Kan ek dit nie weer terug kry!

Wens tyd kon vir eens net
bietjie stil staan,
sodat ek kan opvang vir die
tyd wat vergaan...
So...Nog 'n traan op traan.

Geliefdes verloor mekaar...
Selfs... al is dood nie in die oë
te staar.
Het tyd dan so verander?
Ken die een nog die ander?

Waarvoor gaan tyd?
Die...duur nie vir altyd...
Skrik word ek op die lyf
gejaag
Is my lewe reg...of moet ek
my vrae bevraag?

Vergewe my Here ek het
berou!
Vir wie ek was...het ek berou!

Tyd is aan ons geleen! Vir 'n ieder
en elkeen
Om tye saam met geliefdes te
koester en te bewaar,
om met dankbaarheid op te
kan kyk en te weet ek is nog
'n dag gespaar.

Alles is net genade van Bo!
Met soveel liefde maak Hy
my glo.
Sy Gees sing 'n lied in my
hart.
So word ek genees van al my
smart.

Dankie wil ek sê, elke dag
van my lewe!
Aan my God wat die vyand
laat bewe

Wanneer sal Jesus kom?
Dink ek vinnig en dit slaan
my stom...

Tyd het aangebreek...
Om van al ons aardse skatte
te vergeet.
Wil ek die Hemelpoorte
inkom...
Sal ek my skatte daar Bo
moet laat blom.

Ons stel altyd uit...
wat bring dit anders as spyt!
As die laaste uur aanbreek...
Dan is die kanse verby om
vir nog bietjie tyd te smee.

- **Anoniem**



Ek mis jou

Ek mis jou,
Kan ons praat? Sommer gou.
Ek mis jou wyse woorde en
geselskap al hoe meer,
Hoe op aarde kan ek die gevoelens
keer?

Dis daardie Kersgeskenk onder die
boom,
Die een waarvan jy al lankal droom.

En as jy dit oopmaak, is dit nie wat
jy wil hê,
Jy is maar net dankbaar, want jy
kan niks sê.

Is dit nie nou die tyd om als reg te
maak?
Is dit nie nou die tyd om te sê dat jy
wel saakmaak?
Is dit nie nou die tyd om te sê hoe
ek voel?
Is ek nie dalk vir jou bedoel?

Ek mis jou,
En in my maag slaan iemand 'n
harde hou.
Dis nie so erg soos die emosies
wat in my woel,
Ek voel sommer vies, ken jy ook
die gevoel?

Vies vir jou omdat jy nie antwoord,
Vies vir myself omdat ek nie weet
by wie ek hoort.
Vies vir die wêreld omdat hulle jou
wil wegvat,
Vies vir almal, want ek is nou siek
en sat.

Gaan jy my antwoord een van die
dae?
Of net in my agterkop kriewel soos
een van die onbeantwoorde vrae?

- **Francie**

Chaos se einde

Midde die chaos in die klas
Sit ek vas
Daar word nie gewerk
Haal asem, tel tot tien, wees net
sterk

In my hand is my pen
Met my vuus onder my ken
Ek kyk by die venster uit
En ek is glad nie spyt

Vergeet maar van die kalmeerpil
Want die geraas om my word stil
Hy stap verby met sy pikswart hare
En die bloed klop blitsvinnig deur
my are

Verlief is nie eens die woord
My hart speel 'n nuwe akkoord
Hy is soos 'n blokkie sjokolade,
stroopsoet
My hart gaan hom beboet

Die geraas word geleidelik harder,
want hy is buite sig
Ek sal hom kry, dit is my plig
Al moet ek soek deur dorpe en
stede
Hy is beslis nie deel van die
verlede

Ek is in pyn en smart
Want ek midde die chaos met 'n
seer hart

- Francie

Wie is dit?

Die wind waai erg buite en dit reën
verskriklik. Twaalfuur die aand sit
ek op die groen sitkamerbank en
staar na die troufoto. As Jan net
hier was en nie voor daardie trok
ingeloop het nie. Ek kan nie gaan
slaap nie, nie nou terwyl die
reeksmoordenaar iewers daar buite
is nie. Boonop pas ek so mooi in
die teikengroep. Ses blonde
vrouens almal met skraal lyfies, is
op presies dieselfde manier
doodgemaak.

My foon bieb! Wie kan dit nou
wees? Dis Kobus van die laerskool
wat vra of ek alleen is. Ek gaan
hom nie nou antwoord nie.
My keel raak droog van vrees. Ek
gaan drink toe 'n glas water. Uit die
hoek van my oog sien ek die

voordeur oopstaan. Is dit hy? Is hy
dalk hier? Ag nee man! Moet nie
jouself so bang praat nie. Ek loop
deur die huis en maak seker al die
deure en vensters is gesluit.

Jan, my man, as jy nou net hier
was om my te beskerm. Hy was
maar 'n man van min woorde en
het altyd in die studeerkamer gesit.
Het hy my ooit lief gehad? In sy
laaie kyk ek of daar 'n papiertjie is
met my naam 'n duisend keer
oorgeskrif of iets wat wys hy was
lief vir my. In een van die laaie kry
ek 'n ou kamera. Ek kyk die foto's
deur en my hart begin vinnig klop
toe daar ses prentjies van
vermoorde vrouens is.

- Anoniem

THE TIN MAN CH6 (20 years earlier)

"Little brother, why do you not
eat? Is the food distasteful? Can
you not ingest the food?" asked
the brother who sat at the end
of the table, his words were as
condescending as if he were
already king.

"Why do you talk like that? To
sound smart? Being a king
requires more than just a good
tongue", answered the prince
over the candlelight in the
middle of the table.

"Being a king is all about a good
tongue. With it you can keep
peace and diplomacy. With it
you can trade or inspire your
people. With it you can rule
without getting off your throne."

"You must leave your throne,
someone could come and
...uhm... take it by force!"

"I believe that the word you're
looking for is "seize" big

brother.” The younger prince got up and walked away without a care in the world. “Your tone will change in one month’s time, when I’m king of Arendelle”. “For now though, we are equals”. “We are not equals! I am the older brother!” You might be older by seven minutes brother, but I am seven years wiser.” “I hope you like the taste of rat! It is all you will have under my rule!” The younger prince left his brother to feast on his words.



The following morning the prince awaited his older adversary, sword in hand. “Good morning,” said the eldest son of the late king. He did not receive a reply from his younger sibling. The younger one was calm, he never showed his anger. When he did, there would be no end to his rage. The older, impatient one attacked first. He charged in with his sword, ready to strike. To him this was no training exercise. He lashed out with murder in his eyes, yet his younger brother was too fast

and agile for their blades to even make contact. “Am I moving too fast for you old man? You should have followed my advice and trained more, but you only wanted to chase women, didn’t you?” Finally the enraged older brother made contact with his brother’s sword. Metal shavings peeled off the training sword in his brother’s right hand. His sword was sharp. “You will need that speed to escape me, once I’m king”. “That’s no training sword, you cheat!” The time for training is over, little brother”. In response the younger one knocked the sharpened sword from his brother’s hand. “Even when you cheat, you are no match for me.” “Guard!”, called the defeated one, “Force my brother to his knees!” When the guards showed up they didn’t do anything. “Sire?” asked one of the three guards. “I don’t understand.” “Unless you wish to leave my kingdom, I suggest you do as I say”. “This isn’t your kingdom, big brother!” said the prince who was being held back by the guards who had sworn, as the royal guard, to protect him. “Unlike you, I do not think of this land as a kingdom.” “Then what could Arendelle be other than my kingdom?” “Before I consider Arendelle a kingdom, I consider her home. Arendelle is not some object to be treasure by one man.

Arendelle is a home for peace and prosperity. Arendelle is a home for the people.”

“Guards! Force my brother on his knees, now!” This time the guards did as they had been instructed, the young prince did not struggle as he knelt in front of his brother. This made him furious.

“You better get used to this, brother”, whispered the prince in his younger siblings ear. “You will be doing it a lot.” The soon to be king turned and picked up his sword. “How does it feel? How does it feel to be kneeling in front of the greatest king the world has even known?” The older brother took the silence as a response and laughed as he walked away. “Release him”.

The night was dark as the young prince mounted his horse and rode towards the mountains. Was it darkness in his heart or love for his people that drove him? His horse galloped across the stream, he knew where he was going, to an old fort. To the blacksmiths. As he approached the gate, it opened. Two men opened the using the power that these people possess. The prince was greeted by a man in robes.

“Evening prince. We have been expecting you”.

“How did you know I was coming?” asked the prince as he dismounted.

“We can see the future”. The man said as he pointed to the wall of the fort. The fort is situated upon a mountain and

one could see into the next kingdom if he wished to. Thus the name “The Tower”. Along the walls were telescopes, some were being manned.

“So that is how one can see the future”.

“Yes, prince. Please follow me, I will take you to our leader so that you may converse with her.”

The man in the robe led the prince to the top of a tower, the one in the centre of the fort.

Once the prince was inside the room that man left. A woman stood by the fireplace peering into the flames and said “Some believe that the future is revealed to us through fire. What do you see when you look at fire prince?”

“All anyone can see in fire is death and destruction”, answered the prince as he moved closer.

“Perhaps we can see the future through the flames”, the woman turned towards her guest and the glow of the fire revealed blue eyes and black hair, she was about twice the age of the prince. “I am Brunhilde, you may have heard of me.” A smile spread across her face.

“So the legend is true”.

Mostly true. I was the one who had slain that dragon and took its flame for my own. That poor soul could not complete the quest. It is a pity though, his dashing appearance ... intrigued me. Come let me show you the grounds.”

Hilda (she told the prince to call her by that name), took the prince to the courtyard. There

were many forges. All ablaze in the night air. The prince was silent and he let Hilda speak. "Before the last blacksmith elder died, he searched for a heir. Someone to guide his people. He approached me, besides what is a blacksmith without flames in his forge? I understand that your church wants to banish us from his kingdom, not just for our power, but also our technology and machinery".

"I did not come here to discuss such matters".

"I know, do you not wish to stay here with me? I could use a man with such passion for his country." There was a moment of silence between them as Hilda laid a hand on the prince's chest, on his heart. "Oh my, you truly desire your brother dead, don't you?, a hint of disappointment in her voice. "Will you do it?"

"Will I do it, will I do it? Please prince, don't make me laugh, it is already done."

"What of your payment? What of your terms? We need to discuss such things! In that moment the prince knew he had made a terrible mistake, not because of the deal he had made or the deed had done, but because of who he had made the deal with.

"Calm yourself prince, it is bad manners to lose your temper. As for my payment, I will take something you have no need for. My terms are simple, do not intervene in my affairs for hell has no fury on me when I am scorned".

"Wait, this discussion is over!"

As if on command flames from every forge shot up into the sky. Where all the flaming vanes intersected the fire changed course towards the prince. A laugh erupted out of Hilda as if it came from the belly of Hell.

The prince found himself on the floor of Arrendelle's great castle, it was dark in the halls and no moonlight came from the tainted glass windows. For what seemed like miles from where he stood a light came through an open door. As he approached he could hear the cries for help, the cries of a woman and he quickened his pace.

As he burst through the door and saw something that he was not expecting, in the corner sat a woman that had brown hair. Next to her was a lantern. A beacon of light, a beacon for help. In front of the woman stood a dark figure, the prince took a step only to realize that he was shackled to the wall. His sword flew from his belt into the hand of the dark figure that was ready to strike.

The prince awoke on the floor of his castle with servants around him, eager to help. "Are you all right, prince?" asked an elderly woman who was peering over him. She was large in stature but had a larger heart.

"Yes, I am. Thank you, what happened?" asked the prince as he shakily rose to his feet.

"You were walking down the hall, when you suddenly

collapsed. Do you need some water, prince?”.

“No, I’m fine. What about my brother!”

“What about your brother, prince?” The tone in the woman’s voice was that of a mother hen, concerned about her chick.

“Is my brother alive? Is he injured?!” The prince was now panicking.

“No, why would he be?”

“No reason”, answered the prince, his voice was gruff as he walked to his brother’s room.

As the prince got close to his brother’s room, the voice of the eldest prince could be heard along with the scampering of the servant’s feet. “My bath better be ready”. So the youngest prince turned to intercept his brother at the bathing room.

Many candles were lit on the edges of the bronze bath in the middle of the room. “Baby brother, what a nice surprise, I’m afraid that you will have to wait your turn. I am first in line, but you already know that, don’t you?”.

“Yes sire, you are right as always.” Said the young prince as he sarcastically bowed.

“Please try not to drown. Your death would be a monumental loss for Arendelle.

“One day baby brother you will regret this, you’ll see”. His brother gave a last bow before he left. His majesty soon to be king roared with delight when he saw the purple water and smelled the sweet fragrance. He never took a bath without bath

salts and never with the same ones twice.

The prince sunk into the water causing a dramatic rise in the water level, the hot water was heaven to his exhausted muscles. He reached for luxurious oil on the table next to him poured it out upon himself. The strong scent was almost intoxicating.

“Too many damn candles!” he thought to himself as he lifted his finger, a drop of water hanging from the tip of his finger. As he let the droplet fall on the candle the flame reached up towards him, then with water itself erupted into purple flames. The helpless prince slipped and fell as he attempted to escape. The guards were banging at the door as they heard his screams. It was locked.

News of the prince’s death spread to every corner of the globe. Dignitaries and royalty came to his funeral, most for the sake of diplomacy alone. At the prince’s coronation he declared a year of mourning, Arendelle has suffered a great loss.

A month after his coronation the king gathered his loyal subjects in his court, before him was the two guards who were present the day he and his brother sparred. “Where you present the last time I and my brother sparred?” his voice was loud, the voice of a king.

“Yes, sire.” The guards were under pressure and yet their composure held.

“Did you or did you not physically oppress me, did you or did you not force me to ground as if I were a slave?”

“We did, sire.” Only the one answered.

“I think I have seen enough”, said the king as he raised his sword in the air. Everyone gasped as they feared the worst. He swung. His blade stopped just inches from the man’s head. “I hereby knight thee.” His sword moved over their heads.

“When these men followed my late brother’s orders, where did their loyalty lie? With the

crown? No, it lay with their families. Why do people and families unite under a crown? Not for love of their king, but for love of their families. For the protection of their families.

These men made a choice that day on what would be best for their families. If a man can’t be loyal to his family? Why would he be loyal to me?”

The crowd was silent and the king continued: “From this day forward, Arendelle won’t just be a country. It will be a family.”

- Waldo



Kunswerke



Anke Husselman



Juani Scholtz



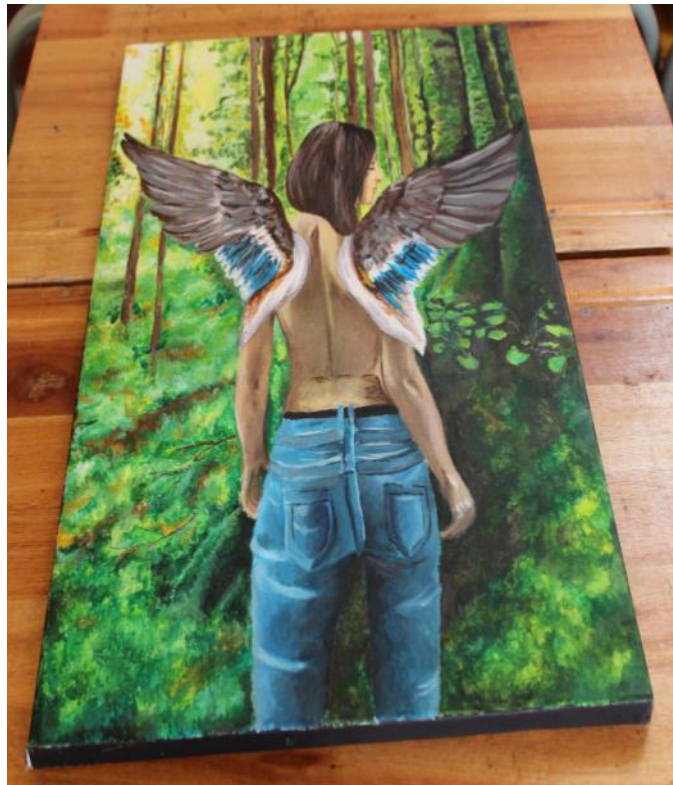
Melissa Henn



Bianca Smit



Bianca Smit



Juani Scholtz



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Juani Scholtz

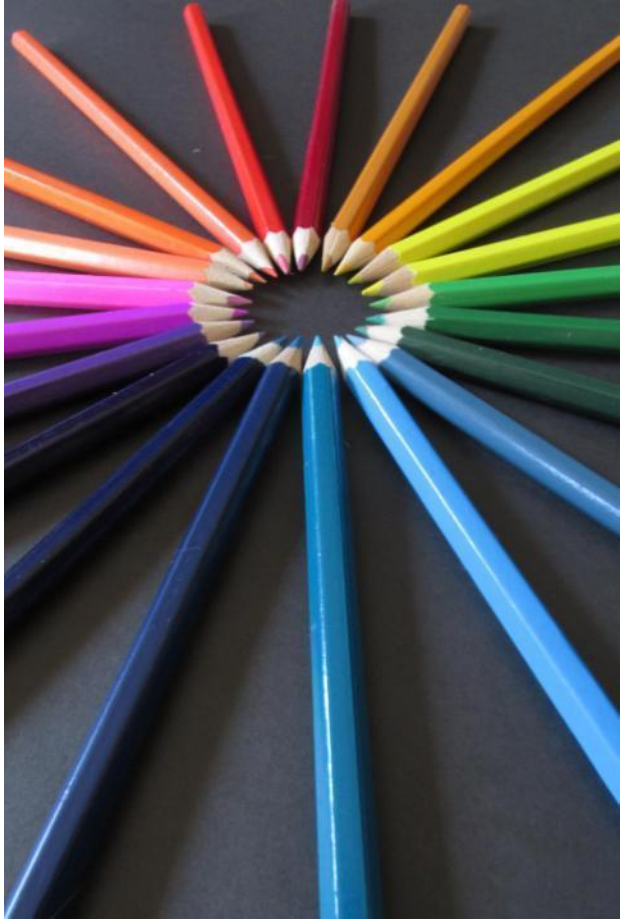


Juani Scholtz

Fotografie



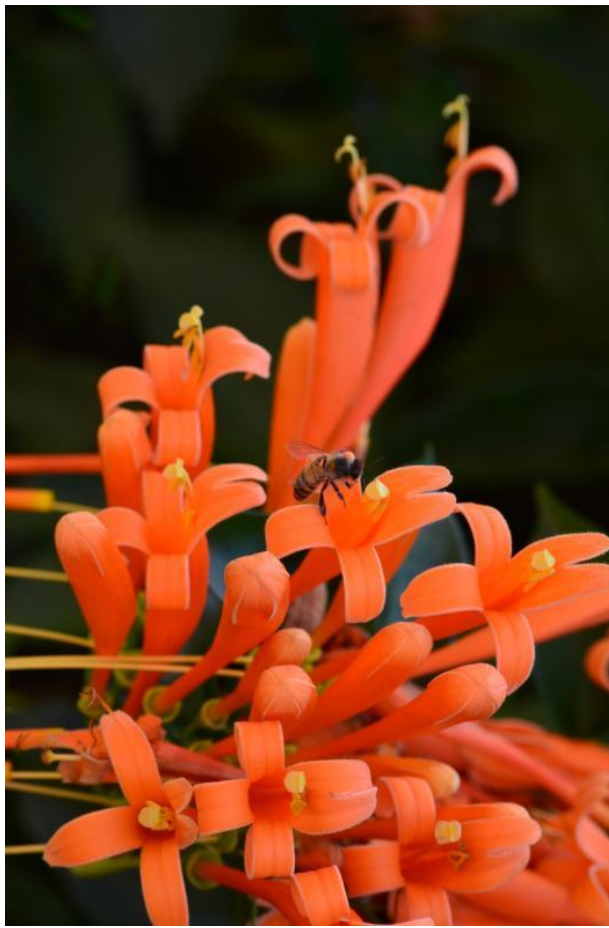
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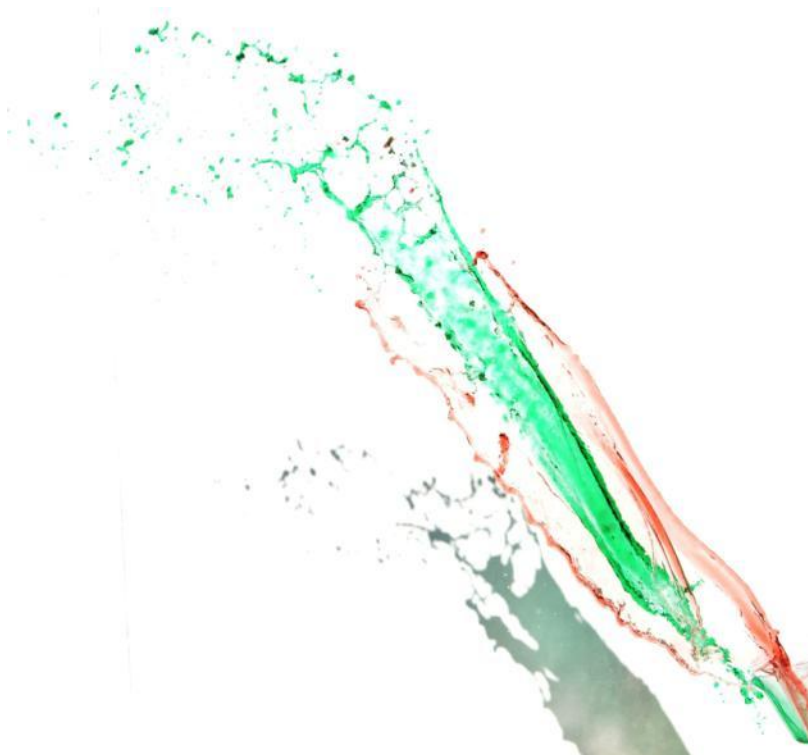
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